

LA POMME ROUGE

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. THE PRODUCE SECTION OF A GROCERY STORE - AFTERNOON.

CHARLOTTE (19), a mousy yet stunningly gorgeous young woman, fiddles with her scarf as she scans a wall of vegetables in the far back corner of the produce section.

HARRY (19), a tall and lanky noodle of a man, enters the produce section from the opposite end. He looks a lot more purposeful, unlike Charlotte, who is aimlessly browsing.

HARRY
(under his breath)
Red apples, red apples...

Charlotte, browsing, saunters closer to the center of the produce section. She then spies the container of apples.

INSERT: THE APPLES

Right in the middle of the produce section is the container of apples. All of them are green, except for one large, juicy red apple sitting in the middle of them.

CHARLOTTE
Ooh!

Charlotte makes her way over to the apples. Harry spies them at almost the same time she does.

HARRY
Bingo!

Both of them are now walking towards the apples, too focused on their destination to notice each other. They are moving at the same pace, and don't see the other person until:

INSERT: THE RED APPLE

Their hands touch as they both reach for the red apple.

In slow motion, their eyes meet. They both shyly smile at each other, locked in a trance. "OH IPANEMA" BEGINS PLAYING.

A HUSKY VOICE WITH A FRENCH ACCENT BEGINS SPEAKING.

NARRATOR
Ah, the red apple. An essential
part of so many great love stories.
(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Adam and Eve, Snow White,
Twilight... Well, maybe they're not
all great. But this one is.

HARRY

Sorry, I-

CHARLOTTE

No, I- I'm sorry.

Freeze-frame on Charlotte.

NARRATOR

Meet Charlotte. The sweet, quiet
assistant librarian down at the
local high school. When she isn't
shushing defiant teenagers or
erasing penises out of the pages of
textbooks...

AS NARRATOR
SPEAKS, CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY - AFTERNOON

Charlotte is sitting behind a librarian's desk, trying (and failing) to shush a group of teens rowdily messing around with books. She shrugs and looks down to the textbook she's holding, sighs, and erases a pencil drawing of a penis, amidst other profanities.

NARRATOR

She enjoys having a warm cup of
green tea and reading cheesy
romance novels meant for middle
aged housewives.

AS NARRATOR
SPEAKS, CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Charlotte holds a steaming cup of tea from a cat-shaped mug. She pulls out a book titled *THE PASSIONS OF THE SHIRTLESS VAMPIRE*, blows on her tea, and smiles as she sips it.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. THE PRODUCE SECTION OF A GROCERY STORE - AFTERNOON.

Harry nervously laughs.

HARRY
It's... it's okay.

Freeze-frame on Harry.

NARRATOR
And meet Harry, as loyal and caring
as he is awkward. Harry is many
things: the proud owner of twenty
eight goldfish...

AS NARRATOR
SPEAKS, CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Harry stands in front of his giant fish tank filled with
goldfish, meticulously tapping fish food into it. The room is
completely dark, only the light of the tank illuminating him.

NARRATOR
A community college student with
remarkably average grades... But
above anything else, he is a good
big brother to his seven year old
sister Elise.

AS NARRATOR
SPEAKS, CUT TO:

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

ELISE (7) slides off of a slide and happily runs over to
Harry. She jumps in his arms and they share a tight hug, both
of them happily laughing. Harry kisses her on the cheek as
she beams and giggles with joy.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. THE PRODUCE SECTION OF A GROCERY STORE - AFTERNOON.

CHARLOTTE
I'm... I'm Charlotte, by the way.

HARRY
Harry.

NARRATOR

And who am I, you may ask? Am I
Carlos, the grocer who spends day
after day restocking the shelves?

CUT TO:

CARLOS (45) is on a small ladder, restocking cans of green
beans onto a shelf.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Or am I one of those college
freshmen buying beer, with IDs so
obviously fake it hurts?

CUT TO:

CHAD (18) and BRAD (18) are walking around the produce
section, Brad carrying a large case of beer bottles. They are
looking around quite suspiciously.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

I could even be Stanley, the local
registered sex offender that spends
a little too much time around the
cantaloupes whenever he comes in.

CUT TO:

STANLEY (55) is standing over the container of cantaloupes,
caressing two with his hands. He licks his lips.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Whoever I am, I play an essential
role in the blossoming of this
great romance. Which, speaking of,
let's get back to.

HARRY

You know what? It's yours.

CHARLOTTE

Really? Wow, thank you.

Charlotte turns and (intentionally) slowly walks away. Harry
reluctantly watches her go, reaching his hand out as if he
was Gatsby reaching for the green light.

NARRATOR

And just like that, a great romance
can be over just as fast as it
began. This may be it for these two
young lovebirds, unless-

HARRY
Wait, uh, Charlotte!

Charlotte excitedly turns around - she had been hoping he would call after her.

CHARLOTTE
Yeah?

NARRATOR
Yes, Harry! There we go!

Harry nervously scratches the back of his neck and fidgets.

HARRY
Could I... if it's no big deal... I mean it kind of is a big deal... could I have...

CHARLOTTE
Yes?

HARRY
Could I have that apple back?

CHARLOTTE
Wh-what?

NARRATOR
No, Harry! Not that!

HARRY
Yeah, my uh, my little sister always has this after school snack, red apple slices and peanut butter, and we just ran outta apples.

CHARLOTTE
(chuckling, trying to teasingly flirt)
That's her snack, huh? Does your mommy make her eat that healthy?

HARRY
If she was alive, I'm sure she would.

Charlotte's jaw drops and the air has left her body.

NARRATOR
Oof, Charlotte, that's gonna be tough to bounce back from.

CHARLOTTE
 (mortified)
 Oh, my god, I-

HARRY
 Don't worry about it. Can you just
 give me the apple?

Charlotte extends her hand out to Harry. He reaches for it.

HARRY (CONT'D)
 Great. Thanks. Sorry.

Just as his hand is about to grab the apple, Charlotte bends
 her wrist back towards herself, pondering.

CHARLOTTE
 Actually...

She yanks the apple away and holds it behind her back. She
 playfully bites her lip.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
 Wouldn't ya wanna come and get it
 instead?

NARRATOR
 And this, ladies and gentleman, is
 a bookworm's attempt at flirting.

HARRY
 Wouldn't it be easier for you to
 just hand it to me?

CHARLOTTE
 Ohhh, I don't think so...

HARRY
 Huh?

NARRATOR
 Come on, Harry! Take the hint!

CHARLOTTE
 Or... you can let me have this
 apple, and I can find a way to make
 it up to you?

Charlotte winks.

HARRY
 Or... you can just let me have the
 apple now?

NARRATOR

Harry, please! I know you're not a bright boy but this is ridiculous!

CHARLOTTE

Well, uh-

HARRY

Look, I barely have enough gas to get home, so I'm not gonna be able to stop at the Ralph's down the road. Can you just-

CHARLOTTE

Okay, fine! Jeez, take the apple!

Charlotte tosses the apple at Harry. Once she releases, it begins to soar in slow motion.

NARRATOR

Now, here's where the madness begins. The one small toss that changed Harry's, Charlotte's, and my life forever.

Harry bobbles the apple and it ultimately bounces off his hand. It rolls on the ground right under Carlos's ladder, just as he is stepping off.

Carlos slips and falls off the ladder, and the can he's holding flies out of his hand. The can rolls right in front of Brad and Chad, who are mindlessly walking and talking.

Brad slips on the can and falls, dropping his case of beer.

BRAD

Aw, no, bro!

All of the beer bottles shatter against the floor, liquid spilling everywhere. Chad, still oblivious, trips over Brad.

CHAD

Woah!

Brad picks up half of a broken bottle, heartbrokenly examining it. He then angrily tosses it over his shoulder, not looking where he's throwing.

The bottle hits Stanley, who is occupied holding two cantaloupes in front of his chest, in the back of the head, shattering on impact.

STANLEY

Hey! I am a reformed man! Just
leave me alone!

Stanley retaliates, picking up a handful of oranges and
throwing them at Chad and Brad.

CHAD

Aye, bro, lay off!

Chad and Brad retaliate, throwing green apples, and soon
fruits are flying from both directions.

Charlotte moves to evacuate the scene, but she slips on beer
and falls into Harry, knocking him over.

Charlotte is now laying on top of Harry, and after a moment
of staring at each other, the two burst into laughter.

CHARLOTTE

Was all that really over an apple?

NARRATOR

(wincing)
Yes, yes it was...

HARRY

I-I guess so.

Charlotte lifts herself off Harry, and the two crawl for
cover on the other side of the apple container. They lean
against it and fix themselves up. They have found a safe,
calm place away from the chaos.

CHARLOTTE

I'm really sorry about that mom
joke, by the way. I guess I...
never mind.

HARRY

You guess you what?

CHARLOTTE

Nothing, nothing, forget it.

HARRY

No, you can't do that. You can't
just start a sentence and not
finish it.

CHARLOTTE

Okay, fine. I guess I was trying to
flirt, but, you know... not really
good at it.

HARRY

R-really?

CHARLOTTE

You couldn't tell?

HARRY

Huh. I just thought you really wanted a red apple.

Both Harry and Charlotte laugh. After a pause, Charlotte sighs, and Harry nervously clears his throat.

HARRY (CONT'D)

So, um, would you...

Harry plays with his hands, avoiding eye contact.

CHARLOTTE

Yes?

HARRY

Could I... if it's no big deal... I mean it kind of is a big deal... could I have...

Charlotte nods with an enormous grin on her face, waiting for the rest of the sentence.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Your phone number? So we can hang out sometime?

Charlotte giggles.

CHARLOTTE

Of course.

HARRY

A-awesome! And I promise, no food fights wherever we go. Unless you're into that.

CHARLOTTE

You know what, I think I'm good.

Harry and Charlotte laugh, then examine the carnage of the produce section. Chad and Brad are writhing around in pain, Carlos is struggling to lift himself up onto the ladder, and Stanley is grabbing as many cantaloupes as he can hold.

HARRY

So, you wanna go get some coffee?

CHARLOTTE
How about tea?

HARRY
Yeah, sure!

Charlotte and Harry stand up. Her scarf is on the ground.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Oh, here.

Harry puts her scarf on her. She giggles, and he nervously chuckles back. They stare at each other for a moment, then head out of the store.

"OH IPANEMA" PLAYS.

Charlotte and Harry continue chatting as they leave the store, too immersed in conversation to even remember the apple. As they walk out the automatic doors, the NARRATOR'S VOICE OVER takes over.

INSERT: THE RED APPLE

We SLOWLY PAN OVER AND ZOOM IN on the red apple, ending on a tight close-up of it as the narrator speaks.

NARRATOR
And just like that, the seed for a great love was planted. And for me? Well, I may be bruised and beyond saving now, but this little red apple has seen and been through enough to last a thousand shelf lives. And I can always say that I was at the center of one of the greatest love stories ever told.

Right before we fade to black, Stanley's hand reaches in from offscreen and snatches the apple.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
Hey! Put me down!

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END